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Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE MOB-CAP.

OR MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

[CONCLUDED.]

When it was known that Mrs. Stanley's dwelling house was advertised for sale, to satisfy the demands of impatient creditors, there was much astonishment and more sorrow, for she was a woman universally beloved for her meekness, loving kindness, and tender charities.—The neighbours gathered in to question and condole, and great was the sympathy expressed for Clara's inconsolable grief. They did not know the secret burden that weighed her to the dust, and wondered much to see the young and elastic bowed down so heavily, while Mrs. Stanley seemed so calm and resigned. Fanny Morton was very sorry, and expressed herself on the occasion with all the depth of feeling of which her tranquil nature was capable, but Edward more than ever felt the immeasurable distance of their souls. Hers could not comprehend the depth and sensibility of his. The lightning of heaven, and the cold phosphorescent light of earth, are not more different in their properties. Mrs. Clifton came, but not the crowd. She waited till others accused her of standing aloof from her favourites in their day of adversity. She came alone, leaving her carriage, her servants, and all the paraphenalia of her wealth behind her. Mrs. Stanley knew how to appreciate this delicacy, as well as the added deference and respect of her manners. She asked no questions—she offered no condolence—she came, she said to solicit a favour, not to confer one. She wished to become purchaser of their beautiful cottage, whose situation she had so much admired. She had learned that her father desired to become the owner of the lot, if Mr. Stanley ever disposed of it. She was anxious herself that it should not pass into other hands, and to secure their continuance in the neighborhood.

"If by gratifying my father's known wish," continued Mrs. Clifton, her brilliant eyes softened by visible emotion, "I can relieve you, Mrs. Stanley, from, I trust, a transient embarrassment, I shall not consider myself less your debtor,—when the time comes that you desire to reclaim it, I will not withhold its restoration."

The tears, which sorrow had not wrung from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, now fell fast, from gratitude. She pressed Mrs. Clifton's hand in hers and said, in a low voice,

"You have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy—may heave reward you for your kindness."

Clara, incapable of restraining herself longer threw her arms round her neck, and sobbed out, "Oh, madam, you have saved me from despair."

Mrs. Clifton, who attributed her words to the natural regret of a young and ardent heart, on the prospect of quitting the home of childhood, warmly returned the involuntary embrace, and bid her call back her smiles, and be ready to accompany her on the morrow in a botanical excursion. When she rose to depart Edward rose also to accompany her home.—He was no longer gloomy and reserved. He no longer looked upon her as an enchantress, moving high above him, in a region of inaccessible light and splendor, but as a woman, endowed with all the warm and lovely sensibilities of her sex—a being whom he might dare to love, though he could never hope to obtain,—who might forgive the homage, even though she rejected the worshipper. Had not the humility, always an accompaniment of deep and fervent passion, ruled his preceptions, he might have derived an inspiration for his hopes from the softened language of her eyes, a language which others had not been slow in translating. They entered the magnificent saloon. The contrast its still gilded walls presented to the agitating scene, they had left, was felt by both.

"Desolate is the dwelling of Morrir," said she, in an accent half sad and half sportive, "silence is in the house house of her fathers."

"Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harp of Lutha?" continued Edward in the same poetic language, and drawing the harp towards her. It is always delightful to find the train of our own thoughts pursued by a friend—proving that we think in unison. Mrs. Clifton felt this as she swept her hands over the chords, and called forth that sweet and impassioned melody peculiar to the daughters of Italy. She paused, and her dark eye rested a moment on the face of her auditor. It was partly shaded by his hand, and she saw that he was overcome by some powerful emotion. Again she sang, but her voice was low, and she ceased at length at it weary of the effort.

'I know I must appear more than stupid,' replied he, 'when there is every thing around to inspire me. But my feelings have been deeply oppressed by anxiety, and the weight of anxiety has been removed by a debt of gratitude, which, however pleasing and gracefully imposed, is only too deeply felt.'

'Oh! let not your pride be jealous of the happiness I have dared this day to purchase.—What have I done for you and yours, half—half so precious to your remembrance as to mine?—You sister's tearful blessing, your mother's hallowed prayer!'

She spoke with such fervor and sensibility, and her countenance was lighted up with such an exalted expression, Edward was scarcely able to restrain the impetuous impulses of passion that urged him on. The profession trembled on his lips, but pride and poverty, two stern monitors, stood by his side, and forbade the avowal of his madness and presumption.

'No!' said he to himself, 'let me live on in the silence and secrecy of hopeless devotion, rather than by unguarded rashness risk the loss of that confidence so dangerous, yet so delightful. She allows me to be her friend. Let me never dare aspire to more.'

Thus reasoned Edward Stanley, and thus he schooled the language of his lips—but the passion denied utterance in words, flashed from eyes, and modulated every accent of his voice. He looked back upon this evening, passed alone with Mrs. Clifton, amidst the breathings of poetry and music, and exulted in the reflection that he had not committed himself by any act of imprudence he might hereafter vainly rue.—Sometimes his feelings rose up against Clara, for the selfish vanity that had led her to sacrifice the fortune that might have placed him above the suspicion of mercenary motives, but her unappeasible sorrow for her transgression, would not allow him to cherish any resentment towards her. Sometimes too his conscience reproached him for the part he was acting towards Fanny, the idol of his boyish fancy—but every hour passed in her presence, convinced him that she looked upon him more as a brother than a lover and wrapped in a mantle of constitutional indifference, she seemed scarcely aware of the wandering of his heart.

'Oh! I am glad you are not going to leave us! I do not know how I should live without you and Clara.'

Fanny's most ardent expression in joy and sorrow, was, 'I am *so* glad—I am *so* sorry.'—It was a great deal for her to say—but she looked at Clara exactly as she did at him, and Edward, whose heart was now enlightened, felt that she did not love him, and rejoiced in the conviction.

One evening just between twilight and darker hours, he was returning from a long walk, when a little before he left the woodland path, that led into the public road, he met, an old woman in a muffled cloak and hood—he bowed and was passing on, when she accosted him in a voice that was not new, and approaching nearer to her, he knew by the spectacles gleaming through the shade, under the deeper shade of a mob-cap, his ancient friend of the stage coach, and he greeted her with cordiality. She told him she was travelling about as usual, and had stopped in the village to make a visit to Mrs. Clifton, the grand daughter of her old friend.

'It is growing dark and late,' said he, 'let me see you safe to her house, for you have mistaken the path that leads to it.'

'Stop a moment,' cried she, 'if you are not in too much haste, and let me rest on this log by the wayside. I am old, and it wearies me to walk fast. Sit down young man, and let me ask after your welfare. I have not forgotten your kindness to the aged, nor ever shall I.' Edward brushed the dust from the log with his handkerchief, and preparing a seat for her, with great reverence placed himself at her side.

'Come,' said she, 'I must soon be gone, but I want to know if I can serve you. I am an eccentric old creature, but I am well off in the world, and when I die, I cannot carry my money to the grave. I am told there is a pretty young girl in the neighborhood, whom you love and would marry, if you were not poor. Do not blush to own it for if it is so, and I can make you happy by my means, I shall bless the hour that brought us together, even near the end of my pilgrimage.'

Her tremulous voice faltered, and she raised her handkerchief under he spectacles,

'Thank you a thousand times, for your generous offer,' replied Edward, much moved, 'but indeed madam, you are misinformed. I would not marry if I could.'

'Young man cried she, 'you are not sincere. The heart craves for a kindred heart. You would not live alone. Confide in me, and You will not betray you. Trifle with me, and you may lose a friend, whose professions are not lightly made. Tell me, do you not love the fair girl, whom they call the beauty of the village, or is it but a passing rumor that has reached my ears?'

Edward wondered at the interest this singular old woman expressed in his destiny, but he did not doubt its sincerity, and he would not repay it with dissimulation.'

'No, madam, I do not love her, otherwise than with brotherly kindness. Where I do love, I cannot hope, and all your generosity cannot avail me there.'

'Where?' said she. 'I want no half confidences. The imagination of age is dull to that of youth. Tell me all or nothing.'

'There is one, then, with whom, were she poor, beggary would be a paradise, but whom fortune has placed so far beyond my reach, it would be madness to name, and presumption to aspire to. Sometimes, emboldened by her condescension, I have dared to think, had my lot been different—but no—it can never be—I need say no more—you know where our steps are bound.'

A silence followed this avowal, and Edward was so much absorbed by his own feelings, as almost to forget the presence of his companion.—At length she spoke.

'I do not see the great presumption of your hopes: if you mean the widow Clifton—I see nothing to make her beyond your reach, unless you choose yourself to put her up in the clouds. She is rich, it is true, but what does she want of riches in another? She has found no joy in wealth. I know the history of her marriage: it was not voluntary on her part, and brought no happiness—a state of splendid bondage.—Why do you not at least learn from her, whether your love is hopeless? If I—an old woman—if my heart warmed towards you, the first moment I saw you, is her young bosom made of stone, that it cannot be melted or impressed?'

'She has often spoken,' said Edward, finding an increasing fascination in the subject, and drawing still nearer his aged friend, 'of the loneliness of her destiny, and of the insufficiency of wealth to satisfy the cravings of the heart. These wild dreams dazzled my imagination, and gilt the future with the hues hof heaven.—But the dread of being banished from her presence, of incurring the displeasure of one who has been the benefactress of our family—you, who are now in the winter of your days, can have no conception of the strength of these mental conflicts—this warring of fire and ice.'

'I have not forgotten the memories of youth,' she answered; 'and impassive as you believe me, there is an image cherished in my breast, whose traits the waves of oblivion can never efface, nor the snow of age ever chill. Few can love as I have loved; and love, with me, is immortal as the divine spark that light up this perishing frame.'

She leaned trembling against the shoulder of Edward, who reproached himself for calling up emotions so sublime in their strength, thus glowing and triumphant, amidst the ruins of beauty and youth. He drew her cloak more closely around her, and warned her that the night dew was falling.

'You are right,' said she rising; 'I was forgetting I am not young like you.'

They walked slowly on, in the direction of Mrs. Clifton's house.

'May I not ask the name of the friend, to whose kindness I am so much indebted,' said he.

'Oh,' replied she laughing, 'I thought every body knew Aunt Bridget; for I am one of those universal aunts, whom every body knows and nobody cares for. My property is my own, and I have a right to bequeath it wherever I please. I have chosen you as my heir, and you may consider yourself equal in fortune to widow Clifton, or any other widow in the land. Not a word of thanks—no gratitude—at least, till legal measures are taken to secure it to your possession.'

'Singular and generous being,' said Edward, beginning to believe that her brain was somewhat unsound, 'what have I done to excite so romantic an interest, and what can I do to prove myself worthy of it?'

'Be sincere—truth is the only bond of love, and concealment with friends is falsehood.'

They had now reached the gate of the avenue. 'You will not go in?'

'No,' said he, 'I cannot see her to night; to morrow perhaps—shall I see you then?'

'I cannot tell what the morrow may bring forth. But one thing let me say, young man, ere we part. You must plead your own cause, and not expect it will be done by me. If you have not moral courage and manly spirit sufficient to meet the consequences, whatever they may be, you merit the downfall of your hopes and the humiliation of your pride.'

She closed the gate, and Edward watched her dark, shrouded figure slowley treading the winding path, and almost imagined he had been with one of these sybilline priestesses, who opened their lips in prophecy, and shadowed the mystic outlines of futurity. 'What ever she may be,' thought he, 'I will be guided by her council, and abide by the result.'

As he drew near his own home, and saw the lights shining so quetly and brightly thro' the trees, that quivered gently as in a golden shower, and thought how tranquilly the hearts of its inmates now beat, secure from the fear of being driven from that love hallowed home—when he reflected that for this peace, so beautifully imaged in the scene before him, they were indebted to the very being whose recollection excited the throbbings of a thousand pulses in his heart and in his brain,—gratitude so mingled with and chastened his love, that every breathing became a prayer for her happiness, even if it were to be purchased at the sacrifice of his own.

He saw Clara through the window, seated at a table, with some object before her which was shaded by the branches, but her attitude was so expressive, that he stood a moment to contemplate her figure. Her hands were clasped in a kind of extacy, and her cheeks were coloured with a bright crimson, strikingly contrasting with their late pallid hue. Something hung glittering from her fingers, upon which she gazed rapturously one moment,—then, bending forward the next, she seemed intent upon what was placed before her. He opened the door softly; she sprang up, and throwing her arms round him, cried in accents of hysterical joy—

'Dear brother—the trunk is found—there it is; oh! I am so happy!' And she wept and laughed alternately.

There it was—the identical trunk—whose loss had occasioned so much sorrow, with its red morocco covering and bright nails untarnished. Edward rejoiced more for Clara's sake than his own—for her remorse, though salutary to herself, was harrowing to him.

'Explain this mystery dear Cara, and moderate these transports. Have you recovered the lost treasure!'

'Oh! it was the strangest circumstance!—Who do you think had it, but Mrs. Clifton, that angel sent down from heaven, for one special blessing. You know I went there to-day, about the time you took the walk in the woods. My heart was so full of grief for my folly, and gratitude for her kindness, I thought, it would have burst, and I told her all; no, not quite all—for I could not bring myself to tell her that it contained your property: her eye seemed to upbraid me so for betraying the trust;—but again it beamed with joy, because she could restore to me both sacred relics.'

Here she held up the beads, now a thousand times more precious to her than all the chains in the world.

'The pedlar called there after he left me.—She recognized the trunk, as it bore the name of a friend.'

Edward's cheek burned with emotion, for his own name—Edward Stanley—was wrought upon the velvet lining, but Clara went breathlessly on.

'She gathered from him the history of the beads, and purchased them both, that she might on some future day have the pleasure of restoring them. She understood the sacrifice my foolish vanity had made, and anticipated the repentance that would follow. Is she not a friend, the best and the kindest? and ought we not to love her as our own souls? And can you forgive me, though I fear I shall never be able to pardon myself?'

'Forgive you, my sister? Let me only see once more the sweet, unaffected girl, who was the object of my approbation as well as my love, and I ask no more.'

He now examined the secret recess of the trunk, and found the papers safe and untouched. Their value transcended his most sanguine expectations. He could redeem the paternal dwelling, meet the demands which had involved them in distress, and still find himself comparatively a rich man.

Clara ran out of the room, and bringing back the chain—the 'cause of all her wo,'—she put it in a conspicuous corner of her work box.

'I will never wear this paltry bauble again,' cried she; 'but I will keep it, as a memento of my vanity, and a pledge of my reformation. I will look at it a few moments every day, as the lady did upon the skeleton of her lover, to remind me of the sins of mortality.'

When Clara had left them, with a joyous 'good night,' Mrs Stanley drew her chair next to her son's, and looked earnestly in his face.

'There is something I ought to mention,' said she, 'and yet I cannot so damp your present satisfaction. I have been told of an intended marriage, which I fear much will disappoint your fondest hopes. I trust, however, you have two much honest pride, to suffer your feelings to prey upon your happiness.'

Edward started up, and pushed his chair against the wall, with a violent rebound.

'I cannot bear it mother—I believe it would drive me mad after all I have dared to dream to-night. I might perhaps live without her, but I could not live to see her married to another. Fool, credulous fool that I was, to believe that dotard's prophecy.

He sat down again in the Chair, which Clara had left, and throwing his arms across the table, bent his face over them, and remained silent.

'Alas!! my son, cried Mrs Stanley, 'I feared it would be so. Mr. Morton feels for you the tenderness of a farthre, but'——

'Mr. Morton, did you say?' cried Edward, starting up again, at the risk of upsetting chairs, tables and lamps—'I believe I am out of my senses; and it is Fanny Morton who is going to be married?'

The sudden change in the countenance, from despair to composure quite electrified Mrs. Stanley. She could not comprehend such great and sudden self-control.

'Mr. Morton tells me,' she continued, 'that Fanny is addressed by a gentleman of wealth and respectability, and one who is every way a desirable connexion. He has learned from Fanny, that no engagement subsisted between you, but he seemed apprehensive that your affections were deeply interested, and wished me to soften the intelligence as much as possible.'

Edward smiled. 'Tell Mr. Morton I thank him for his kind consideration, but no one can rejoice in Fanny's prospects more than I do.'

Mrs. Stanley was bewildered, for she had not dreamed of his present infatuation.

'I cannot understand how resignation can be acquired so soon, especially after such a burst of frenzy. I fear it is merely assumed to spare my feelings.'

'I cannot feign, dear mother, though I may conceal. Dismiss all fear upon this subject, for were Fanny to live a thousand years in all her virgin loveness—if nature permitted such a reign to youth and beauty—she would never be sought after as the bride of your son.'

He kissed his mother, and bade her a hasty 'good night,' anxious to avoid explanations, on a subject which had already agitated him so much.

The next day, when he reflected on his extraordinary interview with the old lady of the stage coach, and her incredible promises in his behalf, he became more than ever convinced of her mental hallucination. Yet there was too much method in her madness, if madness indeed existed, to allow him to slight the impression of her works. He was now independent, and hopes that before seemed presumptuous, now warmed every pulsation of his being.

'Shall I even now follow the sybil's counsel?' said he to himself, as he bent his steps at evening towards Mrs Clifton's door, but the moment he entered her presence, Aunt Bridget, her promises, and the wold itself were forgotten.—She met him with a smile, but there was a burning glow on her cheek, and a hurried glance in her eye, that indicated internal agitation.—She attempted to converse on indifferent topics, but her thoughts seemed to wander, and she at length became silent.

'I saw a friend of yours last night,' said he, with much embarasment, for he knew not whether his confessions were unrevealed. She is very singular, but extremely interesting in her eccentricities. Is she with you yet?'

'She is, and will be with us, whenever you desire. Yet I would first speak with you, Mr. Stanley, and communicate an intelligence which I trust will not cost me the withdrawal of your friendship. You have known me rich, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and fashion, and as such, envied and admired. My fortune has been transferred into the hands of another, and you see me now destitute of that tinsel glare, which threw a radiance around me, which was not my own. Flatterers may desert, me but friends, I trust I may retain.'

She extended her hand with an involuntary motion, and the glow forsook her cheek.

'Your fortune gone,' exclaimed Edward, 'and mine restored?'

The next moment he was kneeling at her feet. In no other attitude could he have expressed the depth of that passion he now dared to utter. What he said he knew not—he only felt that he was breathing forth the hoarded and late hopeless love, of whose extent he had never before been fully conscious.

'Am I then loved for myself alone?' cried Mrs. Clifton; 'by one, too, from whom I have vainly waited this avowal, to justify my preferance?'

She bowed her head upon the hands that Edward was clasping in his own, as if her soul shared the humility of his devotion. Who would have recognized the gay and brilliant heiress, who once revelled in the cold halls of fashion, in this tender and passionate woman?

'Oh!' exclaimed she, when the feeling of both became sufficiently calm for explanation, 'were I still the child of affluence, I might have vainly looked for the testimony of that love, which the vassal of love was so long a rebel to, to truth and to nature. 'And now,' added she, rising, 'let me not, in the fulness of my heart's content, forget your old friend, who is waiting no doubt, with impatience, to greet you. You will probably be surprised to learn that she is the lawful inheritor of my fortune, and that all I have been so profusely lavishing, was her just due.'

She smiled at Edward's unutterable look of astonishment, and closed the door. He was left but a few moments to his own bewildered thoughts, when the door again opened, and Aunt Bridget entered, in the same ancient cloak and hood, which seemed to be a part of herself.'

Wisest and best of counsellors,' said he, advancing to meet her, and leading her to a seat on the sofa—'to you I owe the blessings of the hour. It was surely a propitious star that shown upon me when I first seated myself beside you that memorable night. Had you not come to prove your claim to her wealth, the spell that bound me would not yet have been broken, and a wall of sparation might still have arisen between hearts that have met and blended, and will continue to mingle through eternity'——

Aunt Bridget turned away her head, and seemed suddenly to have lost the grift of speech.

Somewhat alarmed at her unusual silence, especially as he felt her shaking and trembling under the folds of her cloak, he leaned over her and tried to untie her hood, so as to give her air. Fearing she would fall into a fit, as she continued to tremble still more violently, he burst the ribbonds asunder, for the knots seemed to tighten under his fingers, and the cloak, hood and mob-cap fell off simultaneously—the large green spectacles too dropped from the eyes, which, laughing and brilliant, now flashed upon his own—and the arms which had been extended to support a far different personage, were folded in transport around the graceful form of Mrs Clifton.

'Will you forgive me?' cried she, when she raised those beaming eyes from his shoulder, 'the wily deception I have practised? Will you forgive me for continuing a disguise through love which commenced from eccentric motives? Young and unprotected I have sometimes found safety in this disfiguring, garb. Like the Arabian monarch, I like occasionally the covering of a mask, that I may be able to read the deep mysteries of human nature. But my masquerade is over—I have now read all I ever wish to learn. Promise not to love me less because the doom of riches still clings to me, and I will pledge life and fame, that you shall find in Aunt Bridget a faithful, true and loving wife.'

From the Globe.

ARTIFICIAL SECURITY AND HIGH PRICES.

SPECULATING BANKS.

Great complaints are made in several parts of the country, that several banks have abandoned their legitimate business, and entered the field of speculation in competition with the merchants. The Chicago Branch of the Illinois Bank, has entered extensively into the pork speculations. By withholding all accommodations from the merchants, it has a vast amount of money at its control, and is enabled completely to monopolize the market. No one else having money, the farmers are compelled to dispose of their pork to the Bank or keep it, and the Bank can set its own price. After it gets the property in its possession, it can hold it until purchasers are obliged to pay its exorbitant demands.

Biddle set the example by speculating in cotton.

The Wisconsin Bank has become the monopolizer of lead. The people of that Territory assert that it is the greatest curse that was ever inflicted upon any people.

Several of the South Western banks have also converted themselves into speculators, to the enrichment of themselves, and the destruction of all around them. [Ohio Statesman.

Here is the whole theory of the present extravagant prices of almost all the conveniences and necessaries of life in the United States practically illustrated. Another mystery of political and financial economy, is also laid open in the preceding paragraph. We shall notice the two points in their natura lorder, beginning with the second.

It has long been evident to those who look beyond the surface of things, that the excessive multiplication of banking capital in the United States could neither be required for nor applied to the legitimate purpose of commerce or trade, and that of consequence it must be perverted to other objects. This is most emphatically the case in the small towns of the interior, and most of all in the new States of the southwest and west, where there is little of that business which requires the aid of banks to enable the trader to anticipate his means by the discount of his notes.

The question then arises how is this vast capital of eight or nine hundred banks, daily increasing, and adding new inflation to the credit system, so employed as not to pay the expenses of banking houses, and the salaries of tens of thousands of officers and clerks, but to make dividends for the most part higher than the legal rates of interest?

Here is the solution, as explained by the paragraph at the head of this article. By MONOPOLY. By employing it, first, in creating an artificial scarcity of money, to depress the prices of commodities; next in purchasing them up by wholesale, and creating an artificial scarcity to raise them.

The thing is as obvious in its inception as palpable in its consequences. These little village and country banks are, for the most, held by a knot of speculators, who own a great portion of the stock, such as it is, control its issues, and of course accommodate themselves. They begin by discounting freely, and making money plentiful. When the time comes for commencing the monopoly of any one or more of the products of the neighboring districts, they begin to call in their debts. Money becomes scarce, and of course creditors are clamorous, & debtors put to their trumps. Those who have commodities to sell must do it at any sacrifice; and those who have nothing but credit to arise the wind with, must submit not only to be shaved but skinned.

In this state of depression the bank enters its field, not openly, but by its agents, and having the entire command of the local market, purchases at its own price; for all want to sell, and there are no buyers. The producer cannot afford to keep his stock on hand long; the country trader is crippled in his means by the curtailment of the bank, and cannot purchase; and so the producer falls dead into the hands of the little knot of speculators which rules the destinies of the paper machine.

This is only the prelude of the ulterior and final operations. The commodity thus cheaply purchased, whether flour, pork, butter, or what not, must be withdrawn, as it were, from circulation, until an artificial scarcity is created. It must be kept out of market; and this the speculators are enabled to do by means of having the command of the little bank, which charitably renews their notes, and furnishes them with a capital, so long as may be necessary to mature the process of artificial scarcity. Finally, when the price of the commodity is sufficiently advanced, and the proper time for disposing of it come, it is doled out in such portions as may not materially depress the market, the profits realized, and the world made to believe that the farmers must be in a most prosperous condition, because the products of the land are so enormously high.

The truth of the matter is, that little of these gains comes into his pockets. He has sold out long before these high prices began. The profit comes into the hands of the bank speculators and the coffers of the bank. In the mean time the whole weight of these despicable expedients falls on the consumers, consisting principally of the laboring classes of society, who are pinched at both ears by these monopolies of banks, which have become so extensive and various, that from cotton down to bread, the very staff of life, every thing may now be said to be the foot-ball of monopoly. In a country the most fruitful of the earth; with a population active, industrious, and intelligent; with land at one dollar and a quarter an acre; without titles, taxes, or anything to depress agriculture the weight of a single feather—could any abstract reasoning, founded on the nature of man and the nature of things, or the eternal indissoluble connection of cause and effect, ever arrived at the conclusion that in such a country, so clothed with every attribute of fertility, plenty and profusion, the common necessaries of life should be so enormously dear, that they are brought from a distance of three, four, and five thousand miles, and sold at a profit under our very noses, cheaper than we can buy the same products raised at our own doors?

There is but one solution of this otherwise inexplicable riddle. A perpetual system of monopoly, revolving and re-revoling like a wheel, round and round, from season to season, originating in the artificial resources of an abused, prostituted system of credit, producing artificial scarcity periodically; enriching those who inflate or contract the mighty balloon at pleasure; starving the poor, pinching the men of middle means, and falsifying the declaration of Scriptures, that "by the sweat of the face shall man live"—*for by the sweat of his face man cannot live in a country of monopolies.*

From the Eastern Argus.

THE SPECIAL MISSION TO ENGLAND.

The Washington Globe says, that the President has determined not to send a special Minister to England, at present. As explanatory of the views of the two Governments upon the subject, it publishes the following extracts from the correspondence between Lord Palmerston, and Mr Stevenson. They will be read with much interest. We are glad that the British Minister seems sensible that the only proper course for adjusting the controversy, if it can be so called, is to define, upon the face of the earth, the *treaty line*. If the English Government really wish to ascertain that line, and in sincerity and honesty will seek for it, we apprehend, they will have no difficulty in finding it. Such a disposition, on their part would have prevented the whole Boundary dispute, in the progress of which they have certainly manifested a much greater regard for their national interest, than their national honor.

[EXTRACT.]

Mr Stevenson to Lord Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston, has probably already been apprised that, among the proceedings of Congress of the United States at the close of its late session, provision was made for a special mission to Great Britain, in relation to the subject of this controversy, should it, in the opinion of the President, be deemed advisable to appoint one. In virtue of this provision, the undersigned has now the honor of acquainting his Lordship that the President of the United States (desirous of conforming to the indicated wishes of Congress) has directed him to announce to her Majesty's Government his willingness to institute such a mission, and change the place of negotiation, which had heretofore been agreed on, from Washington to London; provided it should be agreeable to her Majesty's Government do so, and would, in their opinion, be the means of hastening or facilitating the final adjustment of the controversy.

In submitting this proposition of the President, which he has now the honor of doing, the undersigned flatters himself that Lord Palmerston will not fail to appreciate the motives which have influenced the President in making it, and see in it, not only an additional proof of his desire to terminate amicably this protracted and painful controversy, but the earnest solicitude which he feels to place the relations of the two countries beyond the reach of those casualties by which, in the present state of things, they are so liable to be injured.

To this proposition, the undersigned has been directed respectfully to urge the early consideration of her Majesty's Government.

The importance and urgency of bringing to a speedy close the pending negotiation, and the existing embarrassments in which the two countries are now placed, will, the undersigned persuades himself, sufficiently explain the earnestness with which he has pressed the subject upon the consideration of Lord Palmerston; and, in closing this note, he can but indulge confident hope that the final determination of her Majesty's Government will not only correspond with the just expectations which are entertained by his own Government, but that it will be the means of leading to such an adjustment of the whole controversy as many be compatible with the just rights and honor of the two countries, and the peaceful and friendly relations, upon the preservation of which so essentially depend the prosperity and happiness of both.

(Signed) A. STEVENSON.

23, PORTLAND PLACE, March 30, 1839.

[EXTRACT.]

Lord Palmerston to Mr Stevenson.

Her Majesty's Government consider the communication which Mr Stevenson has been instructed to make to the undersigned upon the subject of the proposed mission of a special envoy to England as a fresh proof of the friendly disposition of the President, and of the frankness which it is hoped will always characterize the intercourse between the two Governments; and her Majesty's Government hasten to reply to that communication in the same spirit and with the same frankness. The President is desirous of knowing whether such a mission would be agreeable to her Majesty's Government, and whether it would, in their opinion, be the means of hastening or facilitating the final adjustment of the controversy. That it would always be agreeable to her Majesty's Government to receive any person enjoying the confidence of the President, and sent hither to treat of matters affecting the interests of both countries, the undersigned is persuaded that the Government of the United States cannot possibly doubt; but her Majesty's Government do not see that in the present state of the negotiation such a mission could be likely to hasten or to facilitate the adjustment of the controversy. It was the wish of the British Government in 1831, when the award of the King of Netherlands was given, that any further negotiation which might be necessary upon this subject, should be carried on in London. But the Government of the U. S. expressed a strong desire that the seat of negotiation should be in Washington, and the British Government acquiesced in that arrangement.

Now the question at present to be considered is whether any advantages would arise from transfering the negotiation to London.

Undoubtedly if the state of the negotiation were such that the two Governments were at liberty to arrive at a final and immediate settlement of the controversy, by a conventional division of the territory in dispute, her Majesty's Government would be of opinion that advantage might arise from the mission proposed to be sent to this country by the Government of the United States. But Maine having refused to agree to a conventional line, and another reference to arbitration being in the present state of the matter out of the question; the only course left open for the two Governments with a view to arrive at a solution of the controversy, is to cause a fresh survey of the territory to be made, for the purpose of endeavoring to trace upon the ground itself, the line of the treaty of 1783; and the undersigned is sending to Mr Fox, for the consideration of the President, a draft of a convention for the purpose of regulating the proceedings of the commissioners to be appointed by the two Governments for this end; and her Majesty's Government hope that the report of these commissioners will either settle the question at issue, or furnish to the two Governments such information as may lead directly to a settlement. But this being the present state of the matter, it appears to her Majesty's Government that a special envoy now sent from America, would not, upon his arrival in this country, find any thing to discuss or to settle in connection with this question, the discussion or settlement of which could be of importance commensurate with the expectations which such a mission would naturally excite on both sides of the Atlantic; and that if, in consequence thereof, the envoy so sent were to return to the United States, before the two Governments had finally settled the whole question, a disappointment might thereby be created which, however unfounded it would be, might, nevertheless produce bad effects in both countries.

Her Majesty's Government having thus stated without reserve, their impression upon matter, leave the decision of it to the President; and the undersigned has only further to assure Mr Stevenson that her Majesty's Government are very sensible of the spirit of friendly confidence, which hast dictated Mr Stevenson's communication.

(Signed,) PALMERSTON.

FOREIGN OFFICE, April 3, 1839.

Eloquence. 'Twas night! the stars were shrouded in a veil of mist—a cloudy canopy o'erhung the earth—the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery tresses in the face of heaven—the deep toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky—the elements were in wild commotion—the storm-spirit howled in the air—the winds whistled—the hail stones fell like a shower of pearls—the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore—torrents leaped from mountain tops—pigs squealed—geese cackled—cattle bellowed—and Geo. Fitz Gerald sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance stamped upon his brow, murder in his heart, and the fell instrument of destruction in his hands. The storm increased—the lightnings flashed with a brighter glow—the thunder growled with a deeper energy—the wind whistled with a wilder fury—the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passion that raged in his bosom—he clinched his weapon with a sterner grasp—a demoniac smile gathered on his lip—he grated his teeth, raised his arm, sprang with a yell of triumph on his victim, and relentless killed—a *flea.—Buffalo Mercury.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 21, 1839.

Money! Money!!

We earnestly request those of our subscribers who are indebted to us for the Democrat for one or more years to pay, at least a part of what is due, immediately. We are subject to great inconvenience and embarrassment in consequence of the neglect of those who do not pay promptly.

Those residing out of town can remit the amount due by mail directed to the Postmaster, Paris, Me. which will be promptly receipted for.

Those in this town we shall be very happy to wait upon at the Democrat Office.

All indebted for Advertising or Job Printing whose accounts have been standing more than three months will oblige us by settling without delay or further notice.

The administration has been overthrown, demolished, and blown "sky high," in the estimation of the federalists, at least, as often as once a quarter, for the last ten years. Wise's investigating Committee overthrew it the last time, and now it is fated to be prostrated again. The present danger arises from a dismissed Clerk in one of the offices at Washington by the name of Goodrich. One of the Banks found the cash box minus $100,000, and on investigation, it turned out that the teller had plundered about $50,000 of it, and deposited it with Goodrich. He was searched and the money found on him, and was dismissed from office, much to the dissatisfaction of the federalists, who complain bitterly of his being punished. In revenge, he is to come out with disclosures that will again overthrow the administration and scatter the fragments all over the country. He is in daily commune with the leading federalists, and they will be able, without doubt, to make some argument out of it to prove that Banks are the safest place in the world to keep the public money—that all Bank officers are honest, and all Government officers dishonest. They will also prove from it how much more vigilant bank officers are than Government officers—for a defict of $100,000, in a small bank, was discovered in a short time, but it was a great while before the Secretary of the Treasury discovered that ten times that amount was missing from a hundred millions of money received by Swartwout, the whig Collector of New York. Goodrich says he can reveal enough to damn the President and all his Cabinet, and blow the administration "sky high."

What can the people think of the moral character of the whig party? As soon as a pretended democrat is found out to be a knave, he is degraded from office and discarded from the party, and is immediately taken into full connection by the virtue-loving, vice-hating whigs, and held up to public gaze to prove the unexampled wickedness and corruption of the administration.—What democrats deem vice and infamy, the whigs deem virtue and honor. When a man has sunk below the democratic standard, he is then at the highest point of federal morality. They take our unpardonable sinners, and refugees from justice, and make them the lions of the day, and the leaders of the party. R. M. Whitney, F. O. J. Smith, Swartwout, and this same Goodrich for instance, besides hundreds of others that might be named. But this is a matter of their own choice,—they adopt the standard themselves.

On Saturday night an importing merchant, hitherto in high standing, was detected at the Custom House in attempting to pass a forged entry for an invoice of goods just arrived. The suspicions of the Collector were aroused, and, on examination, it was found that for some months past, the merchant had been in the habit of forging the signature of a Deputy Collector, for the purpose of securing his entries duty free. On learning this he was given into the custody of the U. S. Marshal, and committed to prison for future disposal, according to the Laws of Congress.—N. Y. S. M. News.

We like not the squeamishness of the News in withholding the name of a man who has thus trampled upon every principle of honor and honesty, and violated the Laws of his country for the purpose of defrauding the revenue of a few dollars. When the accusations are founded upon mere idle rumor, or vague suspicion, it is no more than justice to refrain from giving the name to the world, coupled with the infamy of the offence, until a competent tribunal has pronounced on the guilt or innocence of the accused. Seldom, we fear, is the name of a poor man, or one moving in the common walks of life, suppressed; but when one of the big-bugs, "a merchant in high standing," is not only suspected, and accused, but caught in the very act of crime, then a tender feeling of pity,—a vicious delicacy of taste—is manifested, and all means are sought to spare the feelings of the offender. We know of no good reason why the feelings of the "merchant in high standing," who is undeniably caught in the act of crime, should be any more respected than those of the poor man, or of the common loafer, and we repeat, we like not this course. In all cases of clear, indisputable guilt, like the above, we would put

"—— a whip in every honest hand,
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

MAINE MILITIA SYSTEM.

No. III.

MR. EDITOR,—In my last Letter, I endeavored to show some of the disadvantages arising from that portion of our Militia Laws which compells the citizens of this State to perform military duty without a suitable compensation; and that they ought in justice to be paid for their services.

In this communication, I intend to notice an appropriation which *is made*, professedly for their benefit, and which stands independently of the sum which they receive in lieu of rations. I mean that part of the 25th Section of the Militia Laws passed in '34, which requires the Treasurers of Towns to furnish each Soldier who does duty with a "quarter of a pound of good gun powder, made into suitable blank cartriges," &c.

The expediency of this provision, in this Section, has been doubted by many, and I must say, I am one of that number. If any good was intended to result to community from its adoption, (and I am not disposed to doubt this,) it certainly has failed to produce the designed effect.

I am opposed to this appropriation being made for several reasons. In the first place, I object to it because it is a needless, and useless expense to the State. Several thousand dollars are annually expended for this purpose, which amounts to the same as being thrown away—for who can tell when or where, the community at large, or any individual, has ever been benefited by it to the value of a single cent.

I object, for another reason, because it is the cause of many serious accidents, and in some instances, the loss of human life. It is very common on days of general Muster to behold broken, and maimed limbs, and scarred and disfigured faces, and all in consequence, either directly or indirectly, of the firing of Musketry.

It is a lamentable fact, that many on these occasions being led by their strong propensity to see wonderful things, go in and take a look at the "*Striped Pig*," and when they come out from beholding him, are so *excited* by the curiosity they have seen, that they know but little what they are about afterwards for the day.

They immediately become patriotic and bold. Fear no longer restrains their impetuosity, and the *sight* they have seen so distorts their vision, that they sometimes imagine they behold in the "rank and file" of their fellow soldiers, a *real* foe. In this condition, they load and fire so carelessly, that they endanger the lives of all around them. Many, anxious to make the loudest noise or fire the heaviest gun, get in two or three charges at a time, and then discharge their pieces; sometimes killing or wounding themselves, or bring the same fate upon those around them.

Others, in their haste to fire *quick*, neglect to return their ramrod into its proper place, and discharge it amidst the multitude. But a few years since, at a Regimental parade in this County, a ramrod fired in this way from the gun of a soldier, came within a few feet of passing through the body of the Colonel of the Regiment. I might mention other circumstances of this kind, which have come within my own knowledge, but it is unnecessary.

No person while in, what is termed a "sham fight," can feel perfectly safe. He has not only imaginary, but real dangers surrounding him, and however fond of *sport* he may be, he must be insensible of his condition not to "thank his stars" when the last gun has been fired.

Let us now enquire into the object designed to be effected by furnishing soldiers with gun powder on days of Brigade, or Regimental Review and Inspection, and collate this with the actual result produced.

Their object undoubtedly was, to furnish them with additional means to improve in military tactics and discipline—to give them an opportunity to display a *mock* courage, and convey to their minds, some idea of *real* battle.

They supposed that forming a Regiment into two Battalions, face to face, and then going through the manual exercises of loading and firing *towards* each other, would bring vivid to the imagination the scenes of a battle field. In a certain degree this may be true.—"The cannon's roar, the trumpet's clang, and bugle's stirring notes" may lead the mind to contemplate "fields strown with dead, and garments roll'd in blood;" but still, who wants to think of scenes like these? No one,—and in fact there is no mere similarity in the feelings of a person engaged in one of our "sham fights" and what they would be in real battle, than there is between light and darkness.

In the *former*, comparatively speaking, he sees no danger, and feels none, but engages in it the same as he would any other frolick or pastime; in the latter he sees death and destruction before him at every step, and fears every moment will be his last.

The way in which our soldiers expend their allowance of gun powder Muster days, amounts to nothing but a mere game of *sport*; and nothing is more absurd than to suppose, that this in any way qualifies them to go into actual service. If any one labors under the idea that the soldier is *individually* benefited by this appropriation, it is certainly a mistaken notion. He receives no value, for he is required to expend his ammunition on the parade ground. Could he receive an equivalent in money, it might do him some good; but this, he is denied.

It is a duty all Legislators owe their constituents, to adopt a rigid system of economy—to make such appropriations only as the good of the community require.—This being the case, I ask what excuse can they render for causing two or three thousand dollars to be annually expended in this way, without being of the least possible benefit to any one? Not only this, but as we have shown it is an actual injury. Then away with the false notion that our Militia must be trained to "mock fights" and frolicks, to prepare them to face a foe; and as the Treasury of the State is drawn upon for their support and aid, let such appropriations be made as shall be productive of good, and not evil.

J. J. P.

May 15, 1837.

FEDERAL TRICKERY.

The federalists, in the New York Assembly, gave the *go by*, at their late session, to the subject of Abolition. The Anti Slavery memorials, which were poured in upon them, were not even *reported on*. How circumstances alter cases! About the time of the last election, the federal party *billed* and *cooed* with the Abolitionists, with all possible affection and regard. They talked about the "poor slave" with most touching pathos, and denounced "the Atherton Resolutions" with all the ardor and severity of Garrison himself. Thus, they wheedled the Abolitionists out of their votes, and, perhaps, secured the success of their candidates. Now however, all this is changed. Political Abolition is found out to be an unprofitable associate and is, therefore, kept at respectful distance.—The Southern elections are approaching, and it would be bad policy justy now to acknowledge their Anti-Slavery friends. Hence, after having complained loudly of Congress for not referring and reporting upon Abolition petitions, they show the sincerity of their complaints, by virtually treating these petitions *in the same way that Congress did*. How the New York Abolitionists must rejoice in their *noble hearted allies!*—Eastern Argus.

The Saco Democrat recommends Samuel Swartwout as whig candidate for Vice President, in the opinion that he would *outrun* all competitors. He certainly *runs well* as a loco foco sub-treasurer, but his speed would be very small as a whig candidate for any thing unless it be the state prison. [Kennebec Journal.]

The federal papers, it seems thought differently, last year, when they proposed him as a candidate for Vice President on the same ticket with *Henry Clay* for President. Swartwout was never a "*Loco foco sub-treasurer.*" The sub-treasury was quite too strict a system for such plunderers as he—the moment it was proposed, he showed his hand against the Administration (to which he had long been secretly opposed) and became one of the great "*Whig conservative*" leaders. Did the Journal ever publish and *puff* the proceedings of Swartwout's great Whig conservative convention at New York? If not, it was behind its federal contemporaries.—Augusta Age.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL DINNER.—The N. Y. Commercial publishes a full account of the proceedings at the Festival on the 30th ult. Peter G. Stuyvesant Esq. presided on the occasion. His opening address contains the following interesting notice of Washington's habits and manners:

Washington's residence in this city after his inauguration was limited to about two years. His deportment in life was not plain, nor was it at all prompous, for no man was more devoid of ostentation than himself; his style however gave universal satisfaction to all classes in the community; and, his historian has informed us, was not adopted for personal gratification but from a devotion to his country's welfare.—Possessing a desirable stature, an erect frame, and superadded, a lofty and sublime countenance, he never appeared in public without arresting the reverence and admiration of the beholders; and the stranger who had never before seen him was at the first impression convinced it was the President who delighted him.

He seldom walked in the street—his public recreation was in riding. When accompanied by Mrs. Washington, he rode in a carriage drawn by six horses, with two outriders who wore rich livery, cocked hats with cockades and powder. When he road on horseback he was joined by one or more of the gentlemen of his family, and attended by his outriders. He always attended divine service on Sundays; his carriage on those occasions contained Mrs. Washington and himself, with one or both of their grandchildren, and was drawn by two horses, with two footmen behind; it was succeeded by a post-chaise, accommodating two gentlemen of his household. On his arrival in the city, the only residence that could be procured was a house in Cherry street, long known as the mansion of the Franklin, family, but in a short time afterward he removed to and occupied the house in Broadway, now Bunker's Hotel.

Washington held a levee once a week, and from what is now recollected they were generally well attended, but confined to men in public life and gentlemen of leisure, for at that day it would have been thought a breach of decorum to visit the President of the United States in dishabille.

The arrival of Washington in 1789, to assume the reins of government, was not his first entry into this city accompanied with honor to himself and glory to his country. It was on the 24th of November, 1783, and here again I must observe, the number present who witnessed the ceremonies of that day, must indeed be very limited: on that day he made his triumphal entry, not to sway the sceptre, but to lay down his sword; not for personal aggrandizement, but to secure the happiness of his countrymen. He early in the morning left Harlem and entered the city through what is now called the Bowery; he was escorted by cavalry and infantry, and a large concourse of citizens on horseback and on foot, in plain dress the latter must have been an interesting sight to those of mature age who were capable of comprehending their merit. In their ranks were seen men with patched elbows, old buttons on their coats, and unmatched buckles in their shoes; they were not indeed Falstaff's company of scare-crows, but the most respectable citizens, who had been in exile and endured privations we know not of, for seven long and tedious years.

On that occasion, and on his arrived in '89, Washington was received, as is well known, by the elder Clinton, who was at both periods governor of the state.

Among the guests present were several relics of the olden time, who were present at Washington's first inauguration, and whose memories could revert to the ceremonies of April 30th, 1789. Of this number were Gen. Morgan Lewis, and Col. John Trumbull, whose presence and former services were happily alluded to by Mr Adams.

We notice that Hon. Albert Smith, and Wm. Willis, Esq. of this city were present at the table. The latter gentleman, as Delegate of the "Maine Historical Society," was called out by a sentiment from Mr Frost of N. York, and made some interesting and approriate remarks. Original odes were, also, recited by Grenville Mellen and Wm. Cutter Esqs.

The festivities were continued, says the Commercial, to,a late hour, and brought to a brilliant, close, the commemoration of a day long to be remembered in the annals of our country's happiness and prosperity. Argus.

Improvement on Lightning Rods. Dr Joseph S. Barber has just received a patent for the improvement which he has lately made in the lightning rod; or rather for the invention of a substitute for the present mode of conducting electricity. The instrument of Dr. Barber has no rod to conduct the electricity to the earth. It is so constructed that while it receives a charge of electricity, it at the same time scatters it in the air. This instrument is peculiarly adapted to protect churches, and all buildings with domes. The expense of protecting a building with this instrument will not exceed two thirds the expense of the rod. Dr B. will soon be ready to offer his service to those who wish to have their buildings protected in a cheap and safe way, from so powerful an agent.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

It is a common remark, that those men talk most who think least, just as frogs cease their quacking when a person brings a light to the water side.

An ice-house at Harrisburgh caught fire on Thursday last, and was consumed *with all its contents!*

LOSS OF THE STEAMER McDONOUGH.

The Steam packet McDonough, on he way from New York to Mobile, struck on the bar at the entrance of Egg Harbor, on Tuesday night last, and went to pieces, passengers and crew all saved. The McDonough was formerly owned by the "Cumberland Steam Navigation Co." of this city, and was sold not long since to gentlemen in New York. At the time of her loss, she was the property of Capt. Luke, her commander, Captain Lowber, of Mobile, and Charles W. Gannell, Esq. of Philadelphia, who, it is said, had no insurance upon her.—Argus.

Steamboat Accident.—The North Carolina, and C. Vanderbilt, the two Wilmington (N. C.) and New York packet boats, came in contact with each other on the night of the 4th inst. and were both considerably injured. The former was cut down to the water's edge, and the latter had several of her bow timbers stove in. No person sustained any injury, and the boats were, by great exertions, got into Charleston.

From the Eastern Argus.

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

We understand that Mr Dearborn, the gentleman appointed to examine a route for the proposed railroad to Lake Champlain, leaves the city to-day, for the purpose of entering upon that duty. He is to be accompanied by Hon. John Webb, one of the Executive Council of the State, whose intimate acquaintaces with much of the country to be passed through, and whose experience as a Surveyor, cannot fail to render his assistance valuable. It is, of course, of great importance that this preliminary work should be well and thoroughly performed, since upon its result, it will depend, in a great measure, whether the road itself shall be undertaken. We are glad, therefore, that its execution has been entrusted to so safe hands. The reputation of Mr Dearborn, as a gentleman of skill in his profession—the ready testimony, borne by distinguished Engineers in connexion with whom he has been employed, to his fidelity and accuracy—and the known industry and preseverence of his character, furnish a sufficient guaranty that he will conduct the examination, in a manner every way satisfactory. We hope and believe that his report will show the entire practicability of the contemplated improvement, which if accomplished, will open to our city a most valuable fountain of business and prosperity. To this part of the subject, we propose to refer again.

Sausages in Boston.—The Bosten Mercantile has the following paragraph, by which it would seem, that the high prices of provisions have brought *rats* and *kittens* into market:

A Tit Bit for a Gourmand.—A correspondent whose veracity is beyond question, informs us that on Wednesday morning he purchased at "a Provision store in the lower part of the city," some Bologna sausages. On cutting open one of them it presented rather a peculiar appearance—and on further examination there were discovered among the conglomerated mass of which it was composed, two rat's teeth fastened together, a portion of a rat's ear, two claws of a small animal, apparently a kitten, and a piece of the skin of the same quadruped, with the hair on!

—However mortals fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul's undone.—*Byron.*

"A fair business transaction."—Last Saturday, during the most busy hour of the day, a courtezan of some notoriety walked into one of the banks in Wall street, New York, and presented a check, signed by a gentleman of eminent piety and great wealth, for the trifling sum of $10. Now, as the apparent drawer of the check had never before sent for a less sum the $100, and as the signature had every appearance of having been written by a trembling hand, to say nothing of the utter improbability of the pious man having any thing to do with those wanton dames who tempt honest gentlemen from the path of duty,—all these considerations led to a suspicion of forgery, and the bearer of the check, in accordance with the expressed wishes of all present, was examined by the Cashier. To this officer she told so plain a story, as to induce him, in compliance with her request to that effect, to send a bank porter to her residence, to ascertain the truth or falsity of her statement. The porter was despatched, and had an interview with the supposedly calumniated gentleman, who assured him that the check was genuine. He returned to the bank, and reported progress, and the check was immediately cashed. The fair recipient then hastened home, and released her prisoner, whose exit from the house was witnessed by a number of friends, who had repaired to the neighborhood from the bank, anxious to see how the affair would terminate. They were not, however, seen by him in return as he appeared to be engaged, during his journey to his counting-house, in a deep study of the geological character of the stones which form the side-walks.—Boston Post.

NOBLE ACT.—This morning a lad, about eight years of age, fell from Commercial wharf into the dock. His fall was noticed by Robert Cowen, porter in Messrs Barnard Adams and Co's store, who immediately plunged into the water and rescued the boy, who was in imminent danger of drowning. We may also note another noble act, connected with this subject; a gentleman who was passing by and witnessed the generous act of Cowen, stopped until he had come ashore, and quietly slipped a three dollar bill into his had.—Boston Transcript.

Pennsylvania.—The Pennsylvania Legislature re-assmbled on Wednesday, there being no quorum in the Senate. Among the members present in the House, was the notorious *Stevens* one of the conspirators. He has, at last, concluded, it seems, to take his seat—even though, the House *is* in his opinion illegally constituted—*if* he can get it. Some objections has been made to receiving him. The Key Stone says:

"Mr McElwee offered a resolution for the postponement of the question of admission and the appointment of a committee to enquire whether Mr S. by his extraordinary conduct since the last election, had not forfeited his right to a seat."

The subject was discussed till the House adjourned.

ANOTHER TEN CEN REVOLUTION.—The Boston merchants are in a tremendous ferment because the Post Master General has ordered Lloyd's lists, which are sent from England, in sealed packages, to be charged with letter postage. The Boston Post thus concludes an able article on the subject:—

"Wherever the Post Office Department has been loosely conducted, and violations of strict law winked at, the opposition have been vehement in denouncing the management as dissolute and ruinous. Now when every thing is kept snug, and the Department pays all its way by a strict enforcement of the law, the same fault finders raise the cry of oppression."

Executive Patronage.—Which gives the President most influence, the appointment of a dozen or two additional officers and clerks, without power to use a dollar of the public money, and punishable as felons for so doing, or the employment of a *cordon* of banks, with libery to loan the public deposites to individuals, and whose Directors, Stockholders, and debtors are consequently, directly interested to propitiate Executive favor? The cry of "Executive Patronage" was never more senselessly raised, than when employed, by the Bankites, against the Independent Treasury plan.

Eastern Argus.

MEXICO.—The N. Y. Jour. of Commerce has received, by the Bark, Ann Louisa, Vera Cruz papers to April 24th inclusive. The U. S. Frigate Macedonian arrived there on the 23d. The arrival created much uneasiness. The following is an extract given from one of the Vera Cruz papers:

VERA CRUZ, April 23.—Sinister rumors are in circulation relative to the American frigate (Macedonian) which arrived here yesterday with a Commodore on boad. What the fact may be, we know not; we can hardly think it possible; but it is said that she brings new demands, and new threats, and also perhaps new tribulations.

The Censor of the 23d contains a decree of the Mexican government, dated April 12, disowning the Mexican flag when hoisted upon armed vessels fitted out by the insurgents at Tampico or elsewhere, and declaring that such vessels ought to be considered and treated as pirates by the ships of war of all nations.

The Censor concludes an article on the subject of Texas, by saying: "The present situation of our Republic demands either an immediate and well ordered invasion of Texas, or the acknowledgement of its independence." Of course the latter.

The Ann Louisa brought $32,000 in specie.

TEXAS.—The New Orleans Bee has received Houston papers to April 26th, inclusive.—They bring little news of interest. Business in Houston was rapidly reviving. A brisk trade is carried on, says the Bee, between Bexar and the Mexican Traders on the Rio Grande. Col. Bernard E. Bee, Texian minister plenipotentiary to Mexico, left New Orleans on the 4th instant for Mexico in the Woodbury. The object of his mission is said to be, to obtain the recogition of Texian Independence, on the part of Mexico, and to form a treaty of peace, amity and commerce with that republic. [Argus.

New Orleans, (says the N. Y. Dispatch,) according to the slips we receive from that city, must be in a bad way in a mercantile point of view. The banks refuse to discount, except on very short paper, and for particular favorites; and are putting the notes of their debtors peremptorily in suit. Money is loaned by private individuals at the enormous rates of two, three, and three and a half per cent. a month; and, according to the true American, five dollars a week has been paid for the use of five hundred. *Boston Post.*

THE GREAT LAKES.—A late Detroit paper says that is is computed there are 700 vessels of all classes, engaged in the navigation of the lakes, from Lake Champlain to Lake Superior, giving employment to 800 hands—on board of which are annually transported hundreds of thousands of passengers, and millions of property, all of which are subject to extra perils in consequence of the deficiency of charts! At Buffalo, in 1836, there were 3712 clearances and entrances, whose aggregate tonnages amounted to 642,000 tons. In the same year there were 366 arrivals of vessals at Chicago, at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, whose tonnage amounted to 77,550 tons. The exports from Cleveland, the past season are said to have exceeded in value, $10,000,000. Such is the commere of the Lakes at the present time.—*Mer. Journal.*

At a jeweller's shop on Ludgate-hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written, "Wedding-rings made at this shop, out of *lucky* old guineas."

QUICK VOYAGES.—A Mobile paper says that, within the last week, two of the greatest voyages ever known have been made to that port.

The ship Mary Frances, Westfeldt, and the brig Wakulla, Ruttone, left New York together on the afternoon of the 20th ult, and arrived here together in nine days and less than a half. It is remarkable that after leaving Sandy Hook, though they must have sailed in nearly parallel lines, and at about the same rate, they never saw each other again until they came to anchor off the Bar. They must have made two hundred and fifty miles a day, for every day—a feat which it would puzzle even the Great Western, with her steam up, to surpass.

NIGGARDLY.—The Mercantile Journal of Boston says that an Irishman, on Tuesday, stopped at the risk of his life, a horse which was running away with a vehicle in which were two men, and that the men, deeply grateful for the rescue, generously rewarded him with the *enormous sum of six and a quarter cents!!* The lives of such mean spirited fellows were hardly worth preserving. Perhaps they put a proper estimate upon themselves, in valuing them at three cents apiece. [Argus.

The Circuit Court, in this city, has been engaged, for the last few days, in the trial of a female, aged about *seventy nine years,* who was indicted for the crime of *false swearing,* in obtaining a pension. The Jury, last evening, brought in a verdict of acquittal. The case was argued with great ability by Joseph Howard, Esq. District Attorney, for the U. States, and by Judge Preble, and T. A. Deblois, for the defence. [Argus.

☞We understand an ingenious Mechanic of this city is constructing a beautiful carriage to be propelled without horses, steam or magnetism, but solely by the weight of the passenger, applied to treadles. It will probably be ready for exhibition some time in June next.—Until then, we must remain silent as to the who or the where.—*Bangor Whig.*

There was a procession in New York, the other night, in honor of the succes of Varian over Aaron Clark for the mayoralty. One of the banners was inscribed with the singificant motto:

"AARON, *does your mother know you're out?*"

IRON HOUSES.—They talk, in Great Britain, of applying Iron to the building of houses.—The Glasgow Chronicle has noticed an elegant plan of a sea coast cottage made of Iron, hung up in the Tontine Coffee House, in that place. The plan referred to has six rooms, a kitchen, and other conveniences, for the sum of £250. If the house is a double one, of fifteen rooms, its cost is to be £500. This is about half the price, says the Boston Courier, of a common house of similar accommodations, and the building can be ready to possess in two months.

A correspondent of Porter's Spirit of the Times, says there is a Postmaster in Arkansas, who cannot read; and, when the mail comes, he is under the necessity of *measuring* it—and sends about three pecks to Little Rock, (the capital,) two pecks to Batesville, and dwindles down to a gallon when he comes to the out counties.

FAIR *Bon Mot.* At an elegant private ball lately, a rather doubtful apology was received from a gentleman, stating as a reason for his non-attendance, that he had unfortunately sprained his ancle. A lady in the company immediately observed that it was *a lame excuse.*

PENITENTIARY REVOLT.—Some of the convicts in the Baton Rouge Penitentiary, got up a revolt on the 3d inst. It was speedily quelled, after shooting one or two of the ringleaders.

G. T.—This is said to be a common mode of making Sheriff's returns in the South West.—It means, "*Gone to Texas.*"

Love. When she learned the vocabulary, she did not find that admiration meant love; she did not find gratitude meant love; she did not find that habit meant love; she did not find that approbation meant love; but in process of time she began to suspect that all these put together produced a feeling very much like love. *Rank and Talent.*

Droll. An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had an abundance of that in his own country.

Equivocal Invite. "Well, good bye," said a man to his friend who lived at a distance, "if you should come any where in the neighborhood of my house, I wish you would *stop.*"

A pinch of Snuff. 'My dear Julia,' said one pretty girl to another, 'can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?'—'Why, my dear Mary,' replied Julia, 'I could *take him at a pinch.*'

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven, who has given her health and spirit to be one. 'Tis better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be romps.

A question to Jurists. A western editor wants to know whether the laws recently enacted against the carrying of concealed weapons, apply to doctors who carry their *pills* in their pockets.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—About 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, during the thunder squall, a teamster was passing through a pine forest near Pine Brook, Morris Co. N. J. He was driving a pair of horres, before "one of the long, low, black looking wagons." The lightning struck one of the tall pines by the road-side, and split the tree from top to bottom—one half of which fell directly across the wagon, severing it completely in twain, and leaving the countryman with his horses and fore wheels, perfectly unharmed, or himself in any way affected by the electric shock.

MARRIED.

In this town, 12th inst. by Rev. L. P. Rand, Mr. Henry R. Webber of Oxford to Miss Nancy Whitehead of this town.

In Rumford, by Nathan Abbot, Esq. Mr. John E. Rolfe to Miss Joanna Douglass, both of R.

In Dixfield, Mr. John Griffeth to Miss Sebrina Gould, both of Dixfield

In Mexico, by David K. Gleason, Esq. Mr. Loren Jones to Miss Fidelia Austin.—By John G. Barnard, Esq. Mr. Isaac Jenne to Miss Mary Mitchell, all of M.

DIED.

In Norway, on the 10th ult., Mrs. Martha Millett, in the 72d year of her age.

Mrs. M. with her surviving companion was among the early settlers of this town. She has been spared to rear a numerous offspring, in whose memory will long be cherished those countless offices of kindness which endear a child to a mother. She was a friend to humanity, and to her praise it should by said, she was a friend to the poor and needy. She died tranquil and resigned. On her tongue, and in her heart, as we trust, was the law of kindness: her children rise up and call her blessed. Though slave to no sect, she exhibited in all her life, the fruits of that pure and gentle wisdom which is, from above: exercising the utmost confidence in God and his overruling providence, believing that by him she should be carried through the dark valley and shadow of death and introduced into a fairer world beyond. How sustaining is such consolation! it is to feel to dwell in the secret place of the Most High and abide under the shadow of the Almighty, realizing, that overspread is the protecting wing of His ancient and endless goodness! This to the last was the comfort of our deceased friend. She seemed apprehensive that her days were nearly numbered, and intimated to her friends that they should not be anxious for her, adding "the night will soon pass and the morning appear.

May the consolations of the Gospel be realized by her numerous posterity, and especially by him to whom she was so long a companion in life. L. P. R.

In Rumford, 15th inst. Uriah V. More, son of Mr. Wade More, aged about 13 years.

In Byron, a child of Mr. Jonas Greene, aged 2 years.

Music! Music!! Music!!!

FOR sale by the subscriber, New Violins, Accordions, Clarionetts, Flutes, Brass Instruments, Bass Viol, Violen Strings, Clarionett Reeds, &c. &c.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 19, 1839. 3weow40

Ground Plaster & Lime,

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 19, 1839. 3weow40

Dr. Gerdak's Gelly of Pomegranate,

AND

PERUVIAN PILLS.

A prime article for Consumptions, Coughs, &c. &c., just received and for sale at the old stand, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 17, 1839. tf40

NEW MILLENERY GOODS.

JUST received from Boston a Fashionable Assortment of MILLENERY GOODS, which Ladies' are invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

H. W. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, May 13, 1839. eow4w39

EBENEZER P. FITZ,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

IMITATOR OF WOOD.

AND

PAPER-HANGER,

PARIS-HILL, ME.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received from Boston by the subscriber a prime assortment of *NEW GOODS,* among which are the following, viz:—

PAINTS,

of allmost every description, wholesale and retail.—Also a great assortment of Paint, Floor, Whitewash and Hearth **BRUSHES.**

DYESTUFFS,

of first rate qualities, to which the attention of Clothiers is particularly invited.

MEDICINES,

Selected expressly for the use of Physicians.

DRY GOODS,

addapted for the present season, to which the attention of the Ladies is respectfully invited.

FANCY GOODS,

of too great a variety to particularize.

Blank Books and Paper

of various descriptions, sizes & qualities

***Fine Cutlery.*---Looking Glasses,**

a prime assortment, worth from 10 cts. to $6,00.

PARASOLS & UMBRELLAS,

Ladies', Childrens', Kid, Morocco and other **SHOES.**

6 by 8—7 by 9—8 by 10—9 by 12 & 10 by 12

WINDOW GLASS,

by the light and box.

FRESH FIGS AND SWEET ORANGES;

Fine articles for the sick.

Boiled Linsed, Sperm, Neatsfoot, Otter, Buffalo, Bear's and other **OILS.**

All of the above, with many others too numerous to mention, for sale on fair terms for Cash or Country produce.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 13, 1839. 3tf

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

EZRA J. RUSSELL,

late of Bethel in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the ninth day of April, inst., are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the house of Moses Mason in Bethel, on the first Monday of July, August, and September next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

MOSES MASON, } Com'rs.
ELIPHAS CHAPMAN, }

April 26, 1839. 3tf

NOTICE.—All persons are cautioned against purchasing a note given by me to one Solomon Andrews for the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars, dated Feb. 8, 1839, payable in September next, as said note is without consideration, and was obtained by fraud, the same will not be paid.

TIMOTHY WALKER.

Rumford, May 8, 1839. 3w*

POETRY.

[From the Saco Democrat.]

NOT MARRIED YET!

Not married yet! ah, let me think—
How horried is the thoughts,
That eighteen summers have escaped,
And still I am not caught,
And still—and still—'tis like to be,
If things don't alter soon,
No matter, I'll live on in hope,
At least another moon!

Not married yet?—no offer, too—
No offer, did I say?
There must be some mistake in that—
Have I not *once* said nay?
Did not young Mr Smith propose,
And Mr Johnson hint?
Well looking men were S. and J.,
With hearts not hard as flint.

But did they, did they do the thing?
Did they, in fact, propose?
Fond mem'ry lend me now thine aid,
Thy secret hoards unclose;
Sure Johnson in my willing ear,
Poured music passing sweet,
And accident alone kept Smith
From falling at my feet.

But whether either meant to ask,—
Of this there may be doubt,
Ah, foolish, cruel, wicked men,
Why could ye not speak out?
Their hearts were running o'er with love,
But then their tongues were tied,
And neither one had strength to speak,
Though each had often tried.

No offer yet—ah, what a thought,
For maiden past eighteen,
With face and form as faultless too,
As any ever seen;
Ah, wherefore do they keep me back,
Ah, why this long delay?
No man need ask this maid but once,
To name the wedding day. Dr.

☞There is much good sense and good logic in the following article from the pen of NOAH, editor of the New York Star. Parents would save themselves from many, many hours of anxiety, and their children from beggary and shame, by taking heed to the wise suggestions therein contained.

MECHANICS.

'Look at that Tailor, driving his barouche and horses,' said a whiskered dandy in Broadway; 'how can America ever arrive at distinction, when all classification of persons is thus annihilated, and the coach of your tailor runs against the wheels of your own tilbury.' This is the opinion, no doubt, of many who never earned a dollar by their own industry. Bonaparte, the best judge of human nature and of merit, never visited a great painting, or a specimen of ingenuity or mechanic art, that he did not on taking leave, walk up formally to the artist, or mechanic, or engineer, and, taking off his hat, salute him with a low and respectful bow; it was a homage due to merit, and he always paid that debt. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a mechanic in his own coach, that is to say if he drive his own coach on the actual profits of his occupation: If he mistakes the time, and begins too early, he is lost; for a mechanic who sets up his coach, and is compelled to set it down again, from a premature commencement and not understanding his position, is a poor creature indeed, and runs ahead of his business.

It it a custom, and a bad custom, in England to look on tradesmen and mechanics as an inferior class of men, without reference to their character or wealth. This, however, grows out of the distinctions and classifications of society in a monarchical form of government, and keeps mechanics, excepting in the city of London, continually under the ban, and consequently prevents their ever attaining a high rank; and we regret to add, that we are tinctured a little too much in this country with the same feelings.—Some of our familes, accustomed to believe that there is in a mechanic something low and grovelling, prefer bringing up their sons to a profession, or in a counting house, or in a retail fancy store, and when they come of age, they have no capital to give their children to commence business with, and they drag out a wearied and poor existence, depending on chance, and seldom attaining affluence. This is not the case with the sober, industrious mechanic; he has a business, a capital of which he cannot be deprived, and if he possess ingenuity and enterprise, and, above all, sobriety and indusiry, he is very likely to attain fortune. The secret, therefore, in this republican country, is to give your sons a good education, an education suitable for any profession and then make mechanics of part of them, because if they are temperate, ingenious, industrious and frugal, they must make a good living, but if these principles are engrafted on a good education, such mechanics not only become rich, but they become great.

The education which qualifies them for the bar or the bench—for the highest honors of a profession, imparts a greater value to their mechanical pursuits, and enables them to take a high rank in the political world, sustained by a powerful interest, and if we had a larger portion of mechanics in Congress than we now have, the country would repose in safety on their sagacity and intellgence. True there are privations and inconveniences in learning and working at a mechanical business—boys must be up early and late—live hard—work hard; they must make great sacrifices of ease and comfort for a term of years, and then they will begin to realize the good results—to taste of the good fruit—besides what is above all price, their labors from 14 to 19 are formed in a proper and safe mould, free from indolence, vice and extravagance.

The very dandy who turned up his honorable nose at the Tailor driving his barouche and pair, was actually the son of a mechanic, and inherited a large fortune, which he does not know how to use. In a few years he will have dissipated it in folly and extravagance, and then become a loafer, and without knowing how to earn his bread, he will follow the meanest trade in the world, that of begging.

Let parents who have several sons, and not means to give them all fortunes, begin in time to bend their minds to the consideration, of useful occupations.—

'Just as the twig is bent,
The tree's inclined.

The other day I held a colioquy on this very subject with one of my boys—a little fellow full of sprightliness and ambition. 'Father,' said he what trade am I to learn? 'A lady's shoemaker, my son.' 'A what?' said the little urchin, his full blue eyes windening with a stare of astonishment, and his broad cheeks reddening to the crimson of pulpit cushions—a lady's shoemaker? Why what is the use of my learning English, and French, and Spanish grammar and the globes, arithmetick, and dancing, and playing on fiddle, and composition, and elocution, and riding on horse back, if I'm only to be a lady's shoemaker? 'Precisely so my son—when you have finished your education, you shall learn to be a lady's shoemaker; when you have served out your time I will send you to Paris or Madrid for a year or so, to finish your trade with the very first masters—there they make beautiful shoes; then you shall have a store in Broadway, a small capital will set you up in business, and do you not think that the ladies of the city would perfer a well educated gentlemanly young man, who with good address and a perfect master of his art, to take measure of their delicate feet, than a greasy rough looking rude fellow, with his fingers all over wax? Certainly. You would be every where patronized—your work would be praised and your fortune soon made. Now is not this better than putting a pair of specs on your nose—a thread bare black coat on your back—Blackstone in your hands, waiting day after day for a client?' 'Well, but father,' said he 'you will give me as much money as I want when I am a man—there is no use of my working.' 'Yes but there is my boy—you must earn money by your industry—were I to give you money and bring you up in idleness, what would become of you when the money was all gone?' The little fellow did not exactly understand the philosophy of such conclusions but as he grows older he will view the matter in a proper light. After all said, much depends on the good counsel of mothers in laying the foundation for a sound superstruction in minds of their sons.—Let a widow left only in moderate circumstancer, have four intelligent, well educated boys, who have honorably and successfully served out their time in some mechanical business, and see how much more comfortable are her prospects in old age, than if she had four boys depending on precarious professional pursuits for a living.

This reasoning partially applies to daughters who are by far less troublesome and difficult to manage than sons. It is incredible how many avenues to comfor and employment are opened to girls, if they are industriously disposed.—There are three young ladies, daughters of a respectable but moderately circumstanced family remarkable for neatness of dress and a reserved manner, attributed by many to pride.—Calling at rather an unsual visiting hour, I found the mother and daughters employed in making muslin shirts, for which they received only a shilling a piece, and they frankly informed me that they clothed themselves entirely by their needle. The cause of their pride was thus explained—it was the pride of conscious independence.

CANDLE BOXES vs. KNOWLEDGE BOXES.—Not long since, the school committee of a certain New England city, discovered that one of the masters they employed, spent as many hours, each day, in making candle-boxes, as he spent in school; or, as he might possibly have stated the case, he worked six hours a day on his own work, and six hours on theirs. This being discovered, the committee summoned the master before them for solemn admonition.—After being arraigned, and hearing his indictment, and being expected to plead guilty and promise amendment, he replied to the following effect, "Gentlemen, it is an old saying, that like begets like The smallness of your hearts begets the smallness of my salary, and the leanness of your souls begets the leanness of my bones. If I spent all my time in attempting to fill the knowledge boxes of your children, without making candle-boxes for myself, my soul would not have the means of keeping is earthly box together six months longer."

[Common School Journal.

A new way to get Married.—A lady being engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, convinced him she was right; still he was unwilling to acknowledge himself vanquished, and proposed to wager, if if she would allow him to name the conditions. To this the lady assented. "Then," said the gentleman, "I will wager myself against you." The lady seeing no method of escape, consented that a clergyman in the neighborhood should be sent for, who soon united them in the chain of Hymen. Query, who won the wager.

A poor widow women was relating to a neighbor how fond her husband was of having a good fire; how busy he would make himself in fixing it so that it would burn, &c. "Ah, poor man," said she, "I hope he's gone where they keep good fires."—*Concord Yeoman.*

Holding her Tongue.—The late Dr. Abbe nethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient: "Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied: now keep it there till I have done talking.

A SNUFFY OLD LADY.—We once heard of a lady who devoured such large quantities of snuff, that whenever she shook her handkerchief out of the window of a windy day, it set the whole neighborhood sneezing.

Mere theologians are the greatest and narrowest of all egotists, they make God the *free* servant of their petty parish, and imagine that eclipses of the sun are sent only to shade and cool them on their way to church.

A lady of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom, flowing from admiration, than a slight, resulting from indifference. The first offence has the pleasing apology of her attractions: the last is bold, and without an alleviation.

Toast at a typographical festival: The American Flag—Composed of colors warranted not to run.

"How the duce do donkeys live here," said a man to a friend in South America, "I see no grass." "We put *green* spectacles on them, and feed them on fine shavings."

"How," said a father to his son the other day, "is it that you are asleep yet, and it is two hours since sunrise?" "Well," answered the boy, "how can I help it if the sun rises before day!"

"I've seen better days," as the chap said ven he was kicked out doors on rainy day.

"Let the *toast* be dear ladies," as the man said ven he kicked his wife into the fire.

"How I love thee' none can tell," as the toper said to the gin bottle.

"Nought but a dreary void behind," as the loafer said ven he lost the seat of his inexpressibles.

"I will sweeten his last moments," as the man said ven he drowned the dog in the molasses vat.

"Is this the milk of human kindness," as the fellow said ven the cook drenched him with dishwater.

"Vot a hawful end," as the jackass said ven his tail vos bobbed.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,—FRYEBURG.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection for the year 1838 in the following sums, viz:—

Non-Residents names if known.	Original proprietors names.	Lot	Division	Acres	Value	$	c.
Robert Wiley,	Intervale on the Island			5	125	55	
Harrison W. Pike,	Buildings & Land by Thompson's Mill			1		250	1,11
Wm. Gordon,	John Chandler part of		4	20		400	1,77
John Mervill,	Hezekiah Austin	19	5	6		90	40
Michal Abbatt,	Joseph Frye part of	23	3	5		30	18
Amos Poor,	Andrew McMillan	11	3	107		500	2,22
"	Ezekiel Walker, 1			4		50	22
Dudley Bean,	Codman land, so called			500		1250	5,55
Owner unknown,	John Charles, 2-3	4	5			45	20
Nath'l Frye,	Intervale, Jesse Frye,	11	2	32		610	2,84
"	" "		12	2	30	600	2,66
"	" "		13	2	38	570	2,62
"	" "		14	2	50	1000	4,44
"	Upland "		37	1	66	266	99
"	" "		39	1	57	400	1,78
"	Buildings & Stand "				20	750	3,33
"	" "			4	100	500	2,22
Owner unknown,	Joseph Frye,		153	4	50	150	67
Gilbert Potter, Sam'l Osgood,	Buildings on the same		54		55	450	2,00
Owner unknown,	John Webster,		12	5	30	120	52
"	"		40	4	35	200	89
"	Sam'l Osgood		2	2	42	200	89
Simeon Pease sup'd o'n'r,	Jno Chandler p't		5	3	10	100	44
Caleb Warren Jr "	Ezekiel Walker 1		4			100	45
Heirs of O. Griswold,	School,		27	2	26	200	1,33
Owner unk.	Joseph Frye,			4	65	200	89
"	House & land occupied by John F. Whetiker,					250	1,11
David Webster,	Store & lot at the Corner					850	3,77
"	Intervale, Joseph Frye,		6	1	26	650	2,88
"	" John Charles,		5	1	13	325	1,44
"	" John Webster,		4	1	19	475	2,03
"	" Ezra Carter,		3	1	19	475	2,03
"	" Joseph Frye, p't		3	1	7	175	78
"	Upland, John Webster,		2	1	9	185	60
"	" "		6	1	20	150	66
"	" "		8	3	47	500	1 33
"	" Joseph Frye, 1		8	2	21	100	44
"	Intervale 1 "		1	1	21	275	1,22
"	" Mark Stacy, 1		4		40	200	89
"	" Ezra Carter,		19	1	10	120	53
Lane & Usher,	sup'd o'n'r, S. Frye,		24	1	56	1200	5,33
"	John Russell,		22	1	51		
"	Mark Stacy,		23	1	55		
With the buildings on the same,							
Thos. Farrington,	sup'd owner Daniel Farrington, N. E. corner,		5		8	80	26
Owner unknown,	Simeon Frye,		4	6	8	50	13
"	Ezekiel Walker,		42	6		20	8
"	Jos. Frye,		41	6		20	8
"	Jos. Hazeltine,		49	6		20	8
"	John Webster,		57	6		20	8
"	Moses Ames,		34	6		20	8
"	John Chandler,		61	6		20	8
"	Moses Day,		27	6		20	8
Oliver Whitney,	Mus Day, woods & meadow,			1	10	100	44
Heirs of Uriah H. Davis,	House Lot near Kimball Brook,					30	13
Owner unknown,	Moses Day,		19	1	10	150	66

One piece bounded on the South East by Lovell Pond, on the North by Lot No. 28, E. Walker, on the South by Abiel Chandler, No. 29, 15 75 33

One piece bounded on the North by Kezer Pond, on the East by Ezra Carter, No. 1, and on the West by Sixth Division, No. 57, John Webster, 5 19 8

One piece South of Saco River, bounded on the South by No. 9, Andrew McMillan, West and North by No. 10, James Hazeltine, and East by No. 14, Andrew McMillan, 15 56 25

All other common and undivided land within the town, 75 33

And unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me on or before Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of July next, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of J. O. McMillan in Fryeburg as will discharge the same.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD, Collector.
Fryeburg, March 30, 1839. 3m 34

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son JAMES L. SHACKLEY his time, with power to act and trade for himself during his minority; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSEPH SHACKLEY.
Norway, April 22, 1839. *4w36

SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume, (quantity) are the *Positive cause* of *death*.

It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood*.

Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be styled an 'ignorant pretender.' But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his *solemn pledge* that his medicine shall be always equal to what it ever has been; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the *utility* of the *practice* is *now beyond all doubts*.

Dr. B. allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the *Brandreth Pills*; experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judiciously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no other than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.

The healthy as well as those suffering from disease should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only cure that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice:

How to be secure from Counterfeits.

Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively sure that the person selling has an *Engraved* certificate of Agency, and ☞ observe it has been renewed; no Certificate being any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.

All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgskinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *deceive the Public*, and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, *all* counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without habitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized pedlars in the United State to sell my Pills. These contemptible *persons* universally sell counterfeits, and that all Tradesmen who are made agents, have each of them a COPPER-PLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. This he guarantees on his honor.

New York, (Principal)—241 Broadway.
Philadelphia—8 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Boston—19 Hanover Street.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—119 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth Street
St. Louis, Mo—56 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. P. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley.
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. K. Kimball.
Livermore—Bruton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
N. " Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Jotham Goodnow.
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S. " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. C. Buswell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Jos. h Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Deshon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
cpo1;32

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock in trade requests those who have accounts with him to call and settle.

☞Those whose notes and accounts have been one year standing are *again* reminded that they *must be settled* without *delay* or *further notice*.

FRANCIS BEMIS.
April 11th, 1839. 35

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE FOR SALE opposite Messrs. DANA, SMITH & Co.

2 pipes HOLLAND GIN.
2 Hhds St. CROIX RUM.
5 " Im do do
2 half Pipes COGNAC BRANDY.
3 Bas. Im. do do
20 Brs. AM GIN & BRANDY.
5 Casks SICILY WINE.
2 do SHERRY do.
3 do PORT do.
PORTLAND, April 23, 1839. 6wis34.

FOUND.

IN the road near Levi Rawson's, about one mile north of Paris-Hill, the 31st ult., a BEAR SKIN, supposed to have been dropped from the carriage of some traveller. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this Advertisement on application at this Office.
April 1, 1839.

MORE NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have commenced trade under the name and firm of

THAYER & HARLOW,

with a large stock of new Goods very cheap for ready pay. The stock consists of BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES of various shades; Satinetts, Buckskins, Drillings, Vestings, CALICOES, about 80 pieces the handsomest ever offered in this market—Mouselain de lain, a new article; fig'd and plain Lawn, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Scarfs and Fancy Hdkfs a large assortment the best that could be selected in Boston. Sheetings, Tickings, Gloves and Hosiery together with a general assortment of DRY GOODS too numerous to mention.

KID SHOES, Mole skin and Silk HATS, Caps, Umbrellas and Parasols Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Purchasers are requested to call, before they buy elsewhere. JOEL B. THAYER.
ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris, May 7, 1839. 38

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF

OXFORD COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a meeting at the Court House on Paris Hill, on Wednesday (of Court week) the 22d inst. at six o'clock P. M. for the purpose of forming a "YOUNG MEN'S COUNTY LYCEUM." It is hoped that all who feel an interest in the object will be present at the first meeting.

At the request of many.

Administrator's Sale.

FOR sale at Public Auction, at the Store of Crocker and Standish in Sumner, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the eight day of June next at two of the clock in the afternoon, so much of the Real estate lately belonging to Joshua Ford, late of Sumner, deceased, including the reversion of the widows right of Dower, as will produce the sum of seventy dollars. Said real estate consists of the north half of lot Number thirteen in the fourth Range, containing sixty eight acres more or less, and one right in the Congregational Meeting house in said Sumner consisting of one pew and part of another in said house. For terms and paticulars, apply at the time of sale to SIMEON BARRATT, Adm'r.
Sumner May 1st 1839 3w38.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON BY

J. HOWE & SON,

AT the Store formerly occupied by FRANCIS BEMIS, Esq. on Paris-Hill, a splendid assortment of NEW GOODS, consisting of

Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Invisible Green, Claret and Drab

BROADCLOTHS.

Black, Drab, Stone and Mixed KERSEYMERES.

SATTINETTS & BUCKSKINS.

Silk, Satin, White and Buff VESTINGS.

English, French, and American CALICOES, about one hundred pieces.

Pink and White Florence SERGES,

SATINS, &c. And an elegant assortment of

RIBBONS.

Babinnett and Grecian Lace, Cambrics, Lawns, Edgings, Insertion, &c.

Black Lace and Green Gauze VEILS. BONNETTS of various kinds. Fancy Hdkfs. &c.

Bleached and unbleached

Sheetings & Shirting.

Bedticking.

Warp Yarn, Batting, Wadding, and Wicking.

Brown & Irish LINNEN Damask Table Cloths, &c

KID, white and black PIC NIC GLOVES,

Ladies and Gents HOSIERY.

A large assortment of KID SHOES.

Brush and Napt HATS, CAPS, and Umbrellas.

A large assortment of

Crockery, Glass & Hard Ware.

—ALSO—

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Together with as large an assortment of articles too numerous to particularize as is usually found in a country Store. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves Terms cash or approved credit.

WANTED, in exchange for Goods at cash prices all kinds of Country Produce.
April 22, 1839. 36

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE undersigned hereby gives public notice that he holds a Mortgage executed to him by Sylvanus Fogg, of Baileyville in the County of Washington, dated the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1838, of a certain piece of land situated in Hebron in the County of Oxford—being the farm which was formerly owned by William Fogg, for a more full description of which premises, reference is had to said Deed of Mortgage from said Sylvanus Fogg to the undersigned Samuel S. Bicknell, dated as aforesaid and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 54, Page 576.

The said Sylvanus Fogg having failed to fulfill the conditions of said mortgage, the undersigned claims to have possession of said mortgaged premises, for condition broken, for the purpose of foreclosing the aforesaid.

SAMUEL S. BICKNELL.
Paris, April 25, 1839. *3w37

Commissioners' Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of *JOHN PIERCE*, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, and whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months commencing the twenty-third day of April 1839, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Selectmen's Office in said Hiram on Saturday the 27th day of July and the 31st day of August and the 28th day of September next.

Dated this 23d day of April 1839.

BEN. BARKER.
JAMES EVANS.

Cheap for Cash!

A. K. SHURTLEFF, & CO.

HAVE for Sale

150 DRUMS SMYRNA FIGS,
40 Boxes LEMONS & ORANGES
25 Casks Malaga & Smyrna RASINS.
50 Boxes do do
25 Half & qr. Boxes do
Portland, April 2d, 1839. 6wis34

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Solomon Charles conveyed, by deed of Mortgage, dated September 16, A. D. 1823, to the undersigned, ANN A. BARROWS then and now wife of the undersigned, JOHN S. BARROWS, a certain tract or parcel of Land, situated in *Bradley and Eastman's Grant, so called*, now in the town of Stow in the County of Oxford, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. For a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the *District Registry of Deeds* in said County, Book 12, page 455. The condition of said Deed having been broken, by reason thereof the undersigned claim to foreclose said mortgage as provided by the Laws of this State.

JOHN S. BARROWS,
ANN A. BARROWS.
Fryeburg, April 16th, 1839. 3w36

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, ME.

All business by Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to.